

VI 7

T H E
Last and Best Edition
O F

New Songs :

Such as are of the
Most General E S T E E M
E I T H E R I N
T O W N or C O U R T.



*Collected with the greatest care, and
printed after the most*
CORRECT COPIES.

With Allowance, Nov. 20. 1676.
ROGER L'ESTRANGE

L O N D O N, ed
Printed in the Year 1677.

T. H. F.

Half and One Third

New Songs:

Such as

Most Gospel Hymns

and

TOWN COURT

and

Corrected

and

and

and

and

and

and

and

New Songs.

In the Fool turn'd Critick.

I Found my Celia one night undrest,
a precions banquet for languishing love;
The charming object a flame encreas'd,
which never, ah never till then I prov'd;
Her delicate skin and flarry eye,
made me a secret bliss pursue:
But with her soft hand she put it by, (do.
and cry'd fie Amintor, ah what would you

Her words and blushes so fix'd my heart,
I pull'd her to me and clasp'd her around.
And tho with cunning she play'd her part,
yet fainter and fainter her threats I found.
But I least thought or least desir'd
my love a forbearance should allow:
A touch of her hand my heart inspir'd,
my passion was melted I know not how.

*Which when fair Celia's quick eyes perceiv'd
and found by my dulness my passion decay;
Her fate she inwardly seem'd to grieve,
that fool'd her & cool'd her so basely away.
She sigh'd and look'd pale to see me dull,
and in her heart this Oath she swore,
She never again would slight an address;
nor the critical minute refuse no more.*

Another.

Room, room, room for a man of the Town,
that takes delight in roring;
That daily rambles up and down,
and spends his nights in whoring:
That for the noble name of Spark
does his companions rally:
Commits an out-rage in the dark,
then sneaks into an Ally.

To every female that he meets,
he swears he bears affection;
Defies all Laws, arrests, or fears,
by help of kind protection.
Then he, intending further wrongs,
by some resenting Cully,
Is decently run through the Lungs,
and there's an end of Bully.

Song.

Song.

BT heaven ! she's hard and melts no more
Than does the Adamantine Shore ;
She's cold as Ice or Northern Air,
As unconcern'd at my despair ;
And stops her unrelenting ears,
Like storms to shipwreck'd Mariners :
Such is the female I implore,
By heaven she's hard ad meets no more.

Poor Amintor's hapless fate,
Doom'd to be unfortunate ;
For no other purpose born,
Than to love and meet with scorn :
In a sea of passions tost,
Shun'd by her I value most :
Still pursu'd by her I hate,
Poor Amintor's hapless fate.

But pox o'this whining,
And idle repining,
That only enjoyment opposes :
For Women like Fishes,
We scare from their wishes,
By holding the bait to their Noses :
For oblig'd by ill custom, tho backward they
be,
They are doubtless by Nature as forward as
we.

Song.

Song.

PHylander and Silvia a gentle young pair,
Whose business was loving, and kissing
their care,

In a sweet smelling grove went smiling along
Till the youth gave a vent to his heart with
his tongue;

Ah Silvia, said he, and sigh'd when he spoke,
Your cruel resolve will you never revoke:
No, never, she said; how? never, he cry'd;
'Tis the damn'd that shall only that Sentence
abide.

She turn'd her about to look all around,
Then blush'd, and her pretty eyes cast on the
ground.

She kiss'd his warm cheeks, and then play'd
with his neck.

And urg'd that his reason his passion should
check.

Ah Philander, she said, 'tis a dangerous bliss;
Ah never ask more, and I'll give thee a kiss.
How, never! he cry'd; and then shiver'd all o're.
No, never, she said, and then trip'd to a Bow'r.
She stopt at the Wicket; he cry'd let me in;
She answer'd I wou'd if it were not a sin:
Heav'n sees, and the Gods will chastise the
poor head

Of Philander for this: strait trembling he said
Heav'n sees 'tis confest, but no tell-tales are
there;

She kiss'd him and cry'd you'r an Atheist my
dear.

And

And shou'd you prove false, I shou'd never
endure;
How never, he cry'd, and strait backward
he threw her.
Her delicate body he clasp'd in his arms,
He kiss'd her, he press'd her, heap'd charms
upon charms.
He cry'd, shall I now? no, never, she said,
Till you shall never enjoy till I'm dead:
Then as if she were dead, she slept & lay still,
Yet even at death she bequeath'd him a smile,
Which embolden'd the youth his charms to
apply,
Which he bore still about him to cure those
that dye.
But twice, &c.

Song.

TEll me, oh tell me, some power's that are
kind,
Where I my dearest Astella may find.
I wander all day in dark shades of despair,
All night I complain to the piteless air:
Astella, Astella! is all my sad cry:
Astella, Astella, the Ecchoes reply.
But alas she's not there,
But alas she's not there, and her lover must
die.

Rural

Rural Happiness. A Song.

How happy's the silly poor innocent Swain,
That spends all his life in a Grove or a Plain;
He's free from the passions that other men have,
And has Cupid his Vassal, and Fortune his Slave.

Whilst others ambition, entangles and thralls,
With the cares of vain wealth, with disturbance and
His humble poor soul no sublimer thoughts keep, (brawls
Then to sport with his Lambs or to play to his Sheep.

When Phoebus with-draws his refulgent bright light,
Then home to his Cottage he travels at night;
Embraces and kisses his Nymph, while she sings;
And his life's to be envy'd by the greatest of Kings.

Then Silvia let's fly to the pleasant green grove,
Where we may enjoy all the pleasures of Love.
In a shady cool grove, where sweet Philomel's air,
Shall heighten our pleasures, and banish despair.

Song.

I have languish'd too long for one who I find
Has a kindness for me as the rest of mankind
This sort of false love, I cannot endure,
Since mine is so fixed and hers so unsure,
Therefore I have nothing to ease my sad heart
But the pleasure to think how others may
in art,
Therefore I have; &c.

Song

Song in *Madam Fickle*.

Bacchus thou mighty pow'r Divine;

Great God of mirth and sprightly wine;

Behold us here, that kneeling show

the duty that we owe;

We through thy influence rejoyce,

And with free and chearful voice;

The Fame and Praises sing,

Of Bacchus our great God and King.

Adieu.

'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine, that still controuls;

And Flame, and Love, must still strike sail;

There lies such Vigour in full Bowls,

The fate of Princes can't prevail;

The Wreaths of great Heroes his Altar shall crown;

Whilest the Grave and the Prudent bow down.

when Beauty darts a smiling Beam,
 Our souls are hit by loves stream;
 But one brisk Glass takes care away;
 And yields us back the prey;
 No fate of love nor piercing dart,
 Can wound when wine surrounds the heart;
 Still guarding it with care,
 It battles fate, and fights the fair,
 Chorus. 'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine, 'tis Wine,
 That makes us brave and true,
 And gives us back our youth,
 And keeps us from the grave.
 —————
 —————

Another.

'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine, 'tis Wine,
 That makes us brave and true,
 And gives us back our youth,
 And keeps us from the grave.
Let sorrow and those that never could love,
 Not never had worth to aspire,
 We harbour no care,
 The Wreath of great Heroes
 nor trouble, nor fear,
 Whilſt the Grave and the Purgatory
 but boldly enjoy our desire,
 'Ab! how pleasant is love's charming fire!

Song.

Song in the same.

Another

H Appy's the Man that takes delight
in banquetting the senses,
That drinks all day, and then at night,
the bright of joy commences;
With Bottles arm'd we stand our ground,
full bumpers crown our blisses;
Then roar and sing the streets around,
in Serenading Asses.
Chorus. With Bottles arm'd, &c.

Pleasures thus free and unconfin'd,
no drowsie crime reproaches;
No Heaven to a fralique mind,
no pleasure like debauches;
Whilst rambling thus new joys we reap,
in charms of love and drinking,
Insipid Fops lye droop'd in sleep,
and the Cuckold lyes a thinking.
Chorus. Whilst rambling thus, &c.

B 2

Another.

Another.

Away with the Causes of Riches and Cares,
That eat up our Spirits, and shorten our Years,
No pleasure can be,
In state nor degree,
But it's mingled with trouble and fears,
Then perish all Fops by Sobriety dull'd;
While he that is merry reigns Prince of the World.

The Quirks of the zealous, of Beauty and Wit,
Tho' supported by power at last must submit;
For he that is sad,
Grows wretched or mad,
Whilst mirth like a Monarch does sit,
It cherishes life in the old and the young,
And makes e'ry day to be happy and long.

A Song.

While Cloe, full of harmless thought,
beneath the willows lay;
Kind love a comely Shepheard brought
to pass the time away:
She blush'd to be encounter'd so,
and chid the am'rous Swain;
But, as she strove to rise and go,
He pul'd her down again:
A suddain passion seiz'd her heart,
in spite of her disdain;
She found a Pulse in ev'ry part,
and love in ev'ry vein:
'Ah! Youth, she cry'd, what charms are these
that conquer and surprize?
'Ah! let me—for, unless you please,
I have no pow'r to rise.
She faintly spoke, and trembling lay,
for fear he shou'd comply;
But Virgins eyes their hearts betray,
and give their tongues the lie;
Thus she, who Princes had deny'd,
with all their pompous train,
Was in the lucky Minute try'd,
and yielded to a Swain.

A Farewel to Dorilissa,

WHoe're does doubt the pow'r of love,
See but the pains it makes me prove;
Think on the pleasures I refuse,
'And on the solitude I choöse;
The charms of good wine and converse I deny,
And the flames to assuage
That within me do rage,
To the North for relief I must fly.
That rig'rous Climate shall I find,
More mild than this I leave behind;
The Snowy breast from which I part,
Her never-thawing icy heart
Has still so inur'd me to cold and disdain,
That I never can fear
The storms that are there,
The North yields not half so much pain.
Yet, since her beauty has impress'd
Her Image firmly in my breast,
'Tis vain to leave her, unless I
From my own self know how to fly:
And since in the West she, her thousands, has stain'd
Still her Empire, shall be
A More enlarged by me
In the North Dorilissa shall Reign. Love

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14

Love not Return'd.

A H how unkind is the Nymph I adore?
For my obedience she flights me the more;
Still as she shuns me I closer pursue,
So by her flight she has learnt to subdue;
How endless are the pains I must endure?
Since she by flying, wounds, and shows the cure.

Tet how unhappy soever I am,
Still I must follow and cherish my flame,
For shou'd I struggle and break off my chain,
My freedom wou'd be worse then her disdain?
Therefore the Nobler fate I will prefer,
It must be happy if it come from her.

Then cruel fair, if my death you've decreed,
Spight of compassion I beg you proceed,
And look not down on my wretched estate,
As neither worthy of your love nor hate:
For wit' your frowns I wou'd rather dispence,
Then languish in Love-warm indifference.

The

.Singing Song. in 5vo.

AS sad Philothæa lay melting in grief,
And kindly complain'd of the Amorous Thief,
She a loud to the woods did her passion impart,
But faintly lamented the loss of her heart:
Ah cruel; unkind Dorilaus, she cry'd,
Bring back the fond stray that has wandred aside.

The Youth as from courting Astræa he came,
Had the pleasure of hearing her sigh out his name;
And softly he stole, till so nigh her he drew,
Thas his arms on a suddain about her he threw;
Then take back thy heart Philothæa; he cry'd,
'Tis pitty the Straggler shou'd ever be ty'd.

Surpriz'd at the welcome approach of her Swain,
Yet unwilling to take the fond Truant again;
No Shepherd, says she, give me thine in Exchange,
And I'll keep it so safe that it never shall range;
No, trust me! not I, Dorilaus reply'd,
Since your own you have suffer'd to wander aside.

A Rustick Song.

M^R gaffer and gammer were fast in their Nest,
 And all the young Fry of their Cribs were possess^d
 Spot, VWhite-foot, and Puss, in the ashes were spread,
 And a Blinking Rust-candle stuck over their head.
 Sweet Ursly was washing the Trenchers and Platter,
 Preparing to make her good friend, the Hogg, fatter;
 Greaz'd up to the Elbows, and smutch'd to the Eyes,
 And her rich broider'd cloath's were as fat as her thighs.
 Like Bag-pipes her Cheeks, and her Nadders chin-high,
 Her Nose hanking out, bended both ways awry;
 Her lips were as thick as her squint-eyes were blinking,
 And her Orient locks were most rankishly stinking.
 While Roger the Plow-man lay close by a snoring,
 God Cupid was vext at his Clownish adoring;
 And therefore conveys to his great Logger-head,
 In a whisper, the news that all were a'bed.
 Up Roger starts then, and rubbing his eyes,
 To his dearest sweet Ursly with passion he flies;
 And lolling his Elbows on Ursly's broad back,
 Complains that his heart was e'n ready to crack.
 But Ursly displeas'd with the weight of her love,
 (O Cupid why dost thou thus treacherous prove?)
 As fast as she cou'd she turn'd her about,
 And with Disb-clout slopt o're the wretch'd face of our
 Love.

Now Cupid thou'rt fit to be kick'd out of doors,
Since a Pimp thou dost prove to such fulsome amours;
But Cupid is onely a hope to obtain,
What is out of our reach seldome causes our pain.
For Roger at Market had frequently seen,
Such beauties, good Lawi, each look'd like a Queen;
Yet his heart all the while did continue his own,
But Urstly, ah! Urstly, but seen and it's gone.

Song.

How peaceful the days are, how pleasant the nights,
How void of all trouble, how full of delights;
When the eyes of Dorinda, her heart does discover,
With all the kind looks on her passionate Lover;
When kisses and vows loves earnest have paid,
And I am assur'd my heart's not betray'd;
I conclude greater blessings the Gods cannot give,
And I pray, and I wish here for ever to live.

Chorus.

No joy to that Love where true hearts do unite,
'Tis a morning eternal that never sees night.

Song.

Song. A

AH Celia! what powerful charms have you,
That with a look could so my heart subdue?
And at first sight impose a law on me,
Against my fundamental liberty:
I look'd and lov'd, O fatal was the day!
I look'd until I look my heart away.

And yet upon your brow you wore a frown,
What wou'd serenity then and smiles have done?
In vain, in vain we boast a freeborn soul,
When beauty can so easily controul:
When ev'ry glance does liberty expose,
And with a look we native freedom lose.

You bid me now resume my liberty,
Alas I cannot, if I wou'd, be free:
Shou'd fate the unwish'd pow'r bestow, yet still,
Having that power I shou'd want the will:
Where love so absolute a Monarch Reigns,
They court their fetters and grow proud of chains.

A

A Song.

Love in fantastick Triumph sat,
while bleeding heart around him flow'd,
For whom fresh pains he did create,
and strange tyrannick pow'r he show'd;
From thy bright eyes he took his fires,
which round about in sport he hurl'd:
But 'twas from me he took desires,
enough t'undo the am'rous world.

From me he took his sighs and tears,
from thee his Pride and Cruelty:
From me his languishments and fears,
and ev'ry killing dart from thee:
Thus thou and I the god have arm'd,
and set him up a Deity:
But my poor heart alone is harm'd,
while thine a Victor is, and free.

A

Song.

Song in Tom *Es*sence.

Since kindly you have left your heart,
Although my dear thou absent art,
To lodge within my breast:
Not fathers frowns shall e'r remove
My pleasing guest: thy pledge of love
for ever there shall rest.

Yet by your absence I'm inclin'd,
To think thou'rt fatally unkind,
And doest another love:
If one more charming fair you've met,
And all your vows to me forget:
May grief my life remove.

Then blame me not, my Celadon,
Since I the want of thee bemoan,
for your return I grieve:
Ah quickly then my joys restore,
Haste to perform those Oaths you swore,
Then, then, I'll wish to live.

Song.

Song.

How cruel dost prove,
To be alwaies in love,
and never have any Relief?
'Tis the wretchedst Estate,
That's allotted by fate,
and a torment that's past all beliefs.

Then Fox on his hide,
Who loves Captive doth 'bide,
and wears silly Cupids short chain:
Whilst others do rove,
And regard not vain love,
he's tortur'd and wrack'd by the pain.

Then women i'le leave
And to wine I will cleave,
God Bacchus i'le ever adore:
Whilst others do whine,
For a beauty, and pine,
in a Tavern i'le sing and i'le Roar.

Song.

SONG.

AS poor Amintas sighing sat,
beneath the Mirtles green:
His lovely face with tears all wet,
was by fair Phillis seen.

He had carv'd her name on ev'ry part,
round the Bark of the Tree:
But not so plain as in his heart,
for wholly there reign'd she.

She blush'd to see the cruel fate,
the unjust Swain did bear,
Occasion'd by her unjust hate,
and sighing dropt a tear.
I yield, great God, she cry'd, and lay
close to Amintas's side:
And gently wip'd his tears away,
as they from's eyes did glide.

The Shepherd Raviſhing a kiſs,
from her white Snowy hand,
Esteemed that a greater bliſs,
than all the worlds command.
Ah! Niſmph, he cry'd, is't true, you love,
and pittty wretched me?
Or if it but a fiction prove,
may't laſt eternally.

Her

Her Vows convinc'd the am'rous Swain,
that he's was Real Love:
That she did wear God Cupid's Chain,
wou'd constant always prove:
Then all the joys that love can name
Amintas soul inspire,
Till Phanix-like each in the flame
of Constancy expire.

Song.

THe man that I love must not know of my pain,
I must Rest in Disguise, and conceal it,
Tho' I find that at length it may make me complain,
It is Dangerous yet,
It is Dangerous yet to Reveal it;
Tho' I find that at length, &c.

Honour says do not give way to thy love,
and Love says I preshee persevere,
And let not thy fancy distractedly move,
But since thou dost love,
But since thou dost love, love for ever,
And let not thy fancy, &c.

Song.

See, see, how pleasantly she lyes,
With crossed Arms and clos'd Eyes,
Smiling with a charming Grace,
Such innocence lies in her Face,
That ev'ry time she draws her breath,
It wounds so deep 'twill be my death.
Prithee dear Angel dream of me;
By Heaven's I love none more than thee:
I bleed, I bleed, and soon shall die,
Phillis, ah Phillis! hear my cry:
Death for a minute pray be gone,
My Phillis sure will hear my moan;
But if she will not, then come you
And take me hence, and Phillis too.

Song.

How mighty are the Charms of Womankind
And yet how soon decay'd;
Scarce has a Beauty in full glory shin'd,
Ere 'tis in utter ruin laid.
While the blest minutes last before its fall,
'Tis made a Deity and ador'd by all;
But when the glorious Lustre's gone,
Th' unhappy slighted Nymph is left alone,
The sad privation to bemoan.

C

See,

See, see poor Phillis yonder, once the fair,
Bright as the Morning Sun,
Blasted and faded all her Beauties are.
Alas ! her killing days are done.
How unregarded now she treads the plain,
Pursu'd by no admiring sighing Swain;
Not one charm left, not one alluring grace,
Horror & wrinckles have assum'd their place.
Age, age, is wrote upon her Face.

Who then would be in love? and fondly prize
At so unjust a rate,
A pair of jattering, false, deluding eyes,
That are too morrow out of date?
If their first Vigour lasted to the Grave;
'Twere richly worth the while to be a slave:
But since the fairest in their course must end,
I will no more on the gay toy depend;
But make my pleasure in my friend.

Mr.

Mr. H. S. his Farewel

Love's soft deluding charms
Must now give place to Arms.
Mark! hark, I hear the Trumpets fresh alarms.
Mars chides me for my stay,
And frowning seems to say
Thy honour youth will suffer by delay.
Adieu ye Sex divine,
Whose all-commanding Shrine
So oft has bow'd these stubborn knees of mine.
Kind Females now no more
Must I those charms adore;
Nor court the pleasures of the Brittish Shore

My Friend and I in Wars,
Midst Armies, Wounds, and Scars,
Will bid defiance to unlucky stars.
No charming female darts
With all their am'rous arts
Shall ere disjoyn our undivided hearts.
Friendship, that noble name,
That kindles generous flame,
Prompts us to court no Mistress now but Fame.
Her we may joyntly love,
And happy Rivals prove
In Emulation like to those above.

Thus hand in hand we'll go,
And equal danger know.
Love begs in vain, when honour answers no.
The Battel done at last,
We'll lie so close embrac'd,
And think with pleasure on the danger past.
Should one of us be slain
Fate's envy's spent in vain,
In spite of death our friendship we'll main-
For he that's left behind, (tain.
Shall teach the World to find,
Tho' two in person, we're but one in mind.

Song.

How happy and free is the resolute swain,
That denies to submit to the yoke of the
Free from excesses of pleasure and pain (fair;
Neither daz'led with hope nor deprest with
(despair.
He's safe from disturbance, and calmly enjoys
All the pleasures of love without clamor or
(noise.

Poor shepherds in vain their affection reveal
To the Nymph that is peevish, proud, sullen,
(or coy;
Vainly do Virgins their passion conceal,
For they boil in their grief till themselves
(they destroy.
And thus the poor darling lies under the curse
To be check'd in the Womb or ore-laid by the
(Nurse.

Song.

LAurinda, who did love disdain,
 For whom had languish'd many a swain,
 Leading her bleating flocks to drink,
 She spy'd upon the Rivers brink
 A Youth, whose eyes did well declare
 How much he lov'd, but lov'd not her.

At first she laught and gaz'd a while,
 But soon it lessen'd to a smile;
 Thence to surprize and wonder came,
 Her breast to heave, her heart to flame.
 Then cry'd she out, Ah now I prove
 Thou art a god almighty Love.

She would have spoke, but shame deny'd,
 And bad her first consult her pride;
 But soon she found that aid was gone,
 For Jove alas, had left her none;
 Ah how she burns! but 'tis too late,
 For in his eyes she reads her fate.

Song.

When first to Dorinda my heart I resign'd,
 My vows were all real, and passion un-
 (feign'd,
 But she scorn'd my devoirs, and refus'd to be
 (kind,
 Tho she lov'd, tho she lov'd, when she rashly dis-
 (dain'd.
But

But alas'twas in vain, for my cowardly zeal
No sooner resisted begun to decay,
And all the soft flames a fond lover doth feel,
Like a Ghost that is struck at, did vanish
away.

Then how cruel, how cruel and harsh was the
smart,
When her Eyes gave me wounds, but would
not discover
The plot of that passion that play'd with my
heart,
And seem'd to contemn to secure a poor
lover.

Ah too too unjust to her self and to me !
Thus neither obtain'd, tho we both did
adore,
My heart she had kept, had her passion been
free,
But now 'tis return'd, I can offer't no more.

Tet forc'd by her Vertues, I ne'r can repent
My devotion, nor court her repulse; for the
sake
That prov'd so ungentle and fierce to prevent
Our amours, shall grow null'd, and protect
me from hate.

That

Then far from her sight, to some grove I'll
retire,
Where the grief for my loss I will never
remove,
But sighing repeat what I once did admire,
And languish for pity, tho I cannot for love.

A Plea for Inconstancy.

HE's a Phlegmatick Lover,
In whom we discover,
A temper that never does change.
Abrest that's like mine, with jealousy burns,
Now love and now anger possess it by turns;
With fears I grow mild, and with hopes I
grow tame;
That passion is weak that is always the same.
But the sanguine brisk Lover
Can never discover
How the soul of a Woman's inclin'd;
He knows that her charms have conquer'd
yet more,
That many there are who do sigh and adore,
He trusts not to merit to give him success,
For Women love only by fancy and guess;
Or if to desert by great chance they prove
kind,
The fair still are fickle, and oft change their
mind,

O the starts of a lover
Do plainly discover
The passion he feels is extream ;
For he that loves well and does not possess,
Must either be jealous, or else love you less ;
Then say not my fears or my doubts do you
wrong,
He cannot be quiet whose passion is strong ;
Small fires do but glow, and are alwayes the
same,
But the greater will rage and scatter their flame.

Song.

WHile I anatomize my heart,
you Celia must look on ;
Turn not aside your face nor start,
at what your Eyes have done.

See how the gaping wound doth bleed
afresh, now you are by ;
See by the poyson'd arrows head,
in torture how I lie.

This wound you made, now take my heart
and view it all around ;
See, if in any other part
there can one flaw be found.

There's faith and troth, and constancy,
a great and noble love,
Heal i' other side by sympathy,
and leave the rest to Jove.

A Song.

AS Amoret with Phillis sat,
one evening on the Plain,
And saw the charming Strephon wait,
to tell the Nymph his pain;
The threatening dangers to remove,
he whisper'd in her Ear,
*Ab Phillis! If you will not love,
this Shepherd do not hear.*
This Shepherd, &c.

None ever had so strange an art,
his passion to convey
Into a listning Virgins heart,
and steal her soul away;
Fly, fly betimes, for fear you give
occasion for your fate;
In vain, said she, in vain I strive,
alas! 'tis now too late.
Alas! 'tis now, &c.

Song.

ILik'd, but never lov'd before
I saw thy charming face;
Now ev'ry feature I adore,
and doat on ev'ry grace;
She ne'r shall know the kind desire,
which her cold look denies,
Unless my heart that's all on fire,
should sparkle through mine eyes.

Then

*Then if no gentle glance return,
a silent leave to speak;
My heart, which would for ever burn,
must sigh alas! and break.*

Mock-Song.

W *As it a Queen, or else a Cow-lady,
so lovely, brisk, and gay? ha!
Or a dandling sun-beam that we see,
in the milk-white eyes of the Month of May.*

*No, 'twas no Queen, nor yet no Cow-lady,
all in the month of May, stay;
But a sorrowful Nymph upon the green,
whose eyes had thrown her heart away.*

*Was it a Prince or yet a Butter-flye,
she gave her heart unto you!
Or a sparkling skip-jack of the Sky,
that tumbles down like a lump of glew.*

*No 'twas no Prince, nor yet no Butter-fly,
that took her heart away: stay.
But a pretty little Cherubin so high,
whose eyes do shine like the dew of May.*

A Pastoral Song
By Dorinda, lamenting her
Amintas.

A'Dieu to the pleasures and follies of love,
For a passion more noble my fancy does
move,

My Shepheard is dead, yet I live to proclaim
In sorrowful notes my Amintas his name.

The Wood-nymphs reply when they hear me
complain,

Thou never shalt see thy Amintas again.

For death hath befriended him,

Fate hath defended him,

None, none alive, is so happy a swain.

You Shepherds and Nymphs that have danc'd
to his Lays,

Come help me to sing my Amintas his praise,

No swain for the Garland durst with him

dispute,

(lute.

So sweet were his notes while he sung to his

Then come to his grave, and your kindness

pursue,

To weave him a Garland of cypress and yew;

For life hath forsaken him,

Death hath o'r-taken him,

No swain agen will be ever so true.

Then

Then leave me alone to my wretched estate,
I lost him too soon, and I lov'd him too late,
You ecchoes and fountains, my witnesses prove
How deeply I sigh for the loss of my love;
And now of God Pan whom we chiefly adore,
This favour I never will cease to implore;
That I may go above,
And there enjoy my love,
Then, then, I never will part with him more.

Song.

TELL me no more you love,
Unless you will grant my desire,
E'ry thing else will prove,
but fuel to my fire.

'Tis not for Kisses alone,
so long I have made my address,
There's something else to be done,
which you cannot chuse but guess.

'Tis not a charming smile,
that brings me the perfect Joys,
Nor can you me beguile,
with sighs and with languishing eyes:
There is an Essence within,
Kind nature hath clear'd the doubt,
Such bliss can never be sin,
and therefore I'll find it out.

The

The way to Rule a Wife.

THe two noblest creatures that live on the land,
a woman I mean and a horse,
By fair means admit,
Of the Rider and bit,
But disdain to be manag'd by force.

He's a slave that marries,
and great Owls are they
Who think any Woman
can be brought to obey.

Slaves in fetters must lie still,
Or they'll feel,
The cold Steel,

Cornode the flesh and bone,
Be quiet and make no moan,
And then you shall suffer no ill.

The haughty Leviathan, king of the main,
when he sports in his native soil,

And throws water so high,

He makes Seas in the Sky,

is caught by address, not by toyl.

When the spear has got hold, then let him alone,

Tho' he thinks he is gone, he is surely thy own,
he is not free that drags a chain.

Give him Rope,

And there's hope,

If you shorten your Clue,

To the bottom go you,

or your dart returns empty again.

Long

Long have I liv'd, and have had many Wives,
Since I first put my hand to the Plough;
while I tamper'd by force,
to rule, they grew worse,
and there rose a hard knob in my brow:
We bit, and we scratcht, and we led hellish lives,
Till I found out the way to make excellent wives.
This is the result of my Skill:
Give 'em line,
and they are thine,
and you rule them with ease,
Let them do what they please,
And then they shall do what you will.

Song.

PEACE Cupid, take thy Bow in hand,
I'th' gloomy shade in ambush stand
To watch a cruel Nymph frequents this Bow'r;
Cold as the streams, but sweeter than each hour:
There, there she is, direct thy dart,
Into that stony Marble heart,
Draw, Quickly, Draw, and shew thy art:
Woe's me, thou'rt blind indeed, thou hast shot me,
While she scapes in the grove, and laughs at thee.

The

The Dream.

THe weary'd Sun had done its work and light,
Fled to the bosome of the night,
When to my kindest friend my bed,
I yielded up my thoughtful head.
Midnight so soft came stealing by,
As time had been asleep as well as I.

In pity then my fancy to me brought,
A kind and beauteous thought;
Loe a fair garden did appear,
I know not how, I know not where.
A murmuring stream such musick kept,
That in my very dream again I slept.

The dimpled waters smil'd, Phillis I spy'd.
A gentle blast did turn aside,
Her careless filken clouds, and loe
Methoughts her breasts were pav'd with snow.
Ah fair and pitiless, said I,
That snow when flames invade it soon will die.

A wild blush stains her face and idly seeks,
'Testablish vertue surer in her cheeks,
I reach'd that story with mine eye,
And strait a vocal tear let fly,
Of mercy then I found a sign,
For strait in tears her eyes did echo mine.

Ab!

*Ah! then I ran and clasping her I lov'd,
Through the complying air we mov'd,
Some one methought did fiercely call,
I ran to see and down I fall,
While she flew up and I fell down,
I wake and find my self in tears alone.*

Aurelia.

B*eneath Aurelia's feet I sate,
Expecting at her hands a kinder fate;
Making new vows, repeating old,
Yet still Aurelia still was cold,
and laugh'd while I my mournful story told.
With folded arms, and pensive head.
In doubled sighs I spokewhat e'r I said.*

*Ab scornful Shepherdess, said I,
What pleasure is't to see your servants dye?
Shou'd all your votaries be slain,
what honour would your tyrant-beauty gain?
The cruel Nymph in scorns reply'd,
Go swain be thou the first that ever try'd.
I then may pity what I now deride.*

Song.

Against Constancy.

Tell me no more of constancy,
that frivolous pretence,
Of old age, narrow jealousie,
disease and want of sence.
Let duller fools, or whom kind chance
some easie heart has thrown,
Despairing higher to advance,
ben ^{god} one alone.

Old men and weak, whose idle flame,
their own defects discovers,
Since changing can but spread their shame,
ought to be constant lovers;
But we, whose hearts do justly swell
with no vain-glorious pride,
Who know how we in love excell,
long to be often try'd.

Then bring my Bath, and strow my bed,
as each kind night returns,
Ile change a Mistress till i me dead,
and fate change me for worms,
Then bring my Bath, &c.

D

Constance

Constancy after Death.

THe Nymph to whom my heart I gave,
Is gone, she's gone into the Grave:
Ye Gods! why were you so unkind,
To leave me languishing behind?
What had she done? or what have I,
You life or death to both deny?
If this be kindness, O my fate!
Such pitty wounds me more than hate.

Ye angry sisters shew your power,
What the happy fatal hour;
The hour when we shall meet again,
And laugh away each others pain;
Then arm in arm shall we partake,
Of joys that keep us still awake;
Thrice welcome death! when thus it proves
The kind uniter of our loves.

To Celia.

OF all the dear joys that the world has in store,
If Celia prove constant i'll ask for no more,
If she prove but as kind as her vows do declare,
I'll laugh at the Jealous and triumph o're care:
To clasp my soft dear all the night in my arms,
To kiss and to press, and dissolve with her charms;
And to think that the joys everlasting shall be,
Makes revelling Princes less happy than we.

Song

Song

WHile on those lovely looks I gaze,
you see a wretch pursuing,
In raptures of a sweet amaze
a pleasing happy ruin:
'Tis not for pity that I move,
his fate is too aspiring,
Whose heart broke with a load of love,
dyes wishing and admir

But if this murder you'd
your slave from death removing,
Let me your art of charming know,
or learn you mine of loving:
Thus, whether life, or death betide,
in love 'tis equal measure,
The victors live in empty pride,
the vanquish'd dye with pleasure.

At last you'll force me to confess,
you need no arts to vanquish;
Such charms by nature you possess,
'twere dullness not to languish;
But spare a heart you may surprize
and give my tongue the glory,
To scorn, while my unfaithful eyes,
betray a kinder story.

The Threat.

Proceed if you dare,
To foment my despaire,
So much beauty was never design'd to ensnare,
Kind nature who gave
You the features you have,
Does improv'r you to conquer not torture your slave
He deservedly dyes,
His reason denies,
His lances, And lances,
His Eyes.
His reign,
We complain,
Now we languish, In anguish,
You laugh at our pain.
This folly give o're,
And be cruel no more,
To the wretched that wait for relief at your door,
For without your remorse,
At the last you'll enforce,
The despis'd and oppress'd to turn Rebels of course.
By experience we find,
The obliging and kind,
Their Abettors in fetters,
Eternally bind.
While the proud and the coy,
Who refuse to enjoy,
By denying, And flying,
Their Empire destroy.

Song.

A H how sweet are loves soft charms !
that Virgins freely tender ;
Whence the sense of charming bliss,
has forc'd em to surrender ;
For the joys whic passion brings,
the soul does so endeavour,
They no longer count them lost,
but wish they'd last for ever.

Sighs and smiles are Lovers food,
and eyes the scenes to languish,
Tears the precious, chiefest good,
though shed with pain and anguish ;
Yet the trilling Recompence,
Elizium so discovers,
None ever felt the joys of sence,
but kind immortal Lovers.

Against Jealousie.

S Uch perfect bliss, fair Cloris, we,
in our enjoyments prove ;
'Tis pittie restless jealousie,
shou'd mingle with our love.

Let us, since wit has taught us how,
raise pleasure to the top :

*You rival bottle must allow,
I suffer Rival fop.*

*Think not in this that I design,
treason against Love's Charms,
When following the God of Wine,
I leave my Cloris arms.*

*Since you have that, for all your haste,
(at which I'll ne'r repine)
Will take its liquor off as fast,
as I do take off mine.*

*There's not a brisk insipid spark,
that flatters in the Town,
But, with your wanton eyes you mark
him out to be your own.*

*Nor do you think it worth your care,
how empty and how dull,
The heads of your admirers are,
so that their bags be full.*

*All this you freely may confess,
yet we'd ne'r disagree;
For, did you love your pleasure less,
you were no mate for me, &c.*

Ungrate.

Ungrateful after Enjoyment.

NO more, silly Cupid,
will I pine and complain;
What Slave is so stupid,
To suffer the plague
Of an amorous league,
to be laugh'd at in vain?
No more, silly Cupid,
I'll court a coy Mistress no more;
he's a sot, and more blind,
who to one is confin'd,
when there's hope for a score.

When I meet with a Beauty
that's loving and kind,
I'll pay her my duty,
but when I've enjoy'd her,
O then I'll recruit me,
with love and brisk wine;
No more I'll adore her,
when once I have got my desire,
then let her refuse me,
she cannot atase me,
for then I despise her.

Secret Love.

NO, no, 'tis in vain,
Though I sigh and complain,
Yet the secret I'll never reveal,
The wrack shall not tear it,
From my breast, but I'll bear it
To the Grave, where it ever shall dwell.
Oh! would that the gods had created her low,
and plac'd the poor Hylas above;
Then, then, I a present might freely bestow,
of a heart that is all over love.

Like the damn'd in the fire,
I may gaze and admire,
But I never can hope to be blest,
O the pangs of a lover,
That dares not discover,
The poison that's lodg'd in his breast;
Like a deer that is wounded, I bleeding run on,
and fain I my torture would hide;
But, oh 'tis in vain, for where ever I run,
still the bloody dart sticks in my side.

Song.

Song.

Live and love you peevish Harlot,
While your lips and cheeks are scarlot,
While your skin is soft and tender,
Wisely think of a surrender,
Lest when age or sickness grieve ye,
Those deride that shou'd relieve ye;
When your face grows pale and meager,
Lovers whose assaults were eager,
Faintly will the Fort beleaguer.

Think upon it, and prevent it,
Else in time you may repent it;
When your Lovers once desert you,
You'll grow weary of your vertue:
Which for want of an Employment,
Will be lost without enjoyment;
Traders thus when over-wary,
While for greater gains they tarry,
With the loss of all, miscarry.

Long

Long Vacation.

How quiet's the Town?
now the Tumult is gone,
Now the Bullies and Punks
to retirement are flown :
The nights are all peace,
and the Mornings serene,
Our Windows are safe,
and our bodies are clean.

The Nights are all peace, &c.

The Woman of Honour,
the Bulker and Ranger
Disturb not our selves
nor inveigle the stranger :
Our joys are our own,
spight of Empty Gallants
Who Cuckold the Town
to supply their own wants.

Our joys are our own , &c.

Since

Since the Town then's our own,
and the sweets it affords,
Tho' indeed we are Rogues,
We'll be drunk as the Lords;
Opportunity short is,
for Term-time will come,
When our Wives will be Rambling,
and we must keep home.

Song.

Since Celia's my Foe,
To a Desert I'll go,
Where some River,
for ever,
Shall eccho my woe.
The Trees will appear
More relenting than her,
In the morning,
adorning,
Each leaf with a tear,
When I make my sad moan,
To the Rocks all alone,
From each hollow,
will follow,
A pitiful groan.

Tet

Yet with silent disdain,
She requites all my pain,
To my mourning,
returning,
No answer again.

O Celia adieu
When I cease to pursue,
you'll discover,
no lover,
Was ever so true.
Your sad Shepherd flies,
From those, dear, cruel eyes,
Which not seeing
his being,

Decays and he dies.
Yet 'tis better to run
To the fate we can't shun,
then for ever
I endeavour

What cannot be won:
What, ye gods! have I done?
That Amintor alone,
is thus treated,
and hated,
For loving but one.

The

The Penitent.

Forgive me *Love,*
Or if there be a kinder God above,
Forgive a Rebel to the power of love:
Here me kind Cupid and accept my Vow,
Mine who devoutly at thine Altar bow,
O hear me now,
Dorinda hear, and what i've done amiss,
Pardon and seal that pardon with a Kiss.
Stay methinks the melting saint,
Kindly echoes my complaint,
Look, I fancy, I descry,
Pitty dropping from her eye,
Hark! she says, Philander live,
All thy errors I forgive.
And now, ah me! to repent I begin,
That against so much goodness I ever shou'd sin,
But never again, oh never will I
Offend my Dorinda; far sooner i'll dye.

Merry

Merry after Death.

When I shall leave this clod of clay,
When I shall see that happy day,
That a cold bed, a winding sheet
shall end my cares,
my grief, and tears,
And lay me silent at my Conqu'rors feet.

When a dear friend shall say he's gone,
Alas! he has left us all alone:
I saw him gasping, and I saw
Him striving, in vain,
amidst his pain,
His eye-strings breaking and his falling jaw.

Then shall no tears bedew my hearse,
No sad uncomfortable Verse,
My unlamented death shall have;
He who alive,
did never grieve,
How can he be less merry in the grave.

Then friends for a while be merry without me,
And fast as you dye come flocking about me;
In gardens and groves our day-revels we'll keep,
And at night my Theorbo shall rock you asleep;
So happy we'll prove, that Mortals above,
Shall envy our Musique, shall envy our Love.

A

A Rant.

<p> Make a Noise, Pull it out, and drink about, Brave boys T'other cup, Fill the glass, Tow sober ass turn up, Why so sad? we'll have more, upon the score, My Lad, Let the Rabble prate and babble, Foutre Diable We will all be mad: Sing a Catch, Serenade, In Masquerade, The Watch. Prattle Prattle, Tittle Tattle, Give 'em bastail, They shall find their match, </p>	<p> See they come, stave and Pikes, Whoever strikes, Strike home. Come boys draw, Fairly meet 'Em in the street, Saw, Saw! Bravely done, Cut and slash, The weapons clash, They run. How they wallow, Let us follow, Hoop and hollow, for the day is won? All's our own, Every crack, Must on her back, Lye down, Let us muster In a cluster, Huff and bluster, For we rule the Town. Play </p>
--	---

Play along.	Boys dispatch,
sing and chant,	'tis enough,
A merry Rant	that we can huff
Among.	The Watch.
Lay about,	Back again,
look the Whores,	To the Sun,
shut all the doors,	Come let us run
And flout,	Amain.
All prepare.	There we'l stay,
See the Sluts,	roar and drink,
draw up the shuts :	and never think
Beware.	Of day.
Batts and Cinders,	Time with lasses,
Break the windows,	Pots and Glasses,
nothing hinders,	Sweetly passes,
Let 'em have a care.	how it slides away.
'Tother clash.	Let the fool
in they go,	He that thinks,
at every throw,	and sleeps and drinks
Dash, dash.	By rule.
Hark they tumble,	by a measure,
How they jumble,	at his leasure,
Rumble, rumble,	take his pleasure,
Now the Whores are	And grow wisely dull.
(quash.	

FINIS.



T H E

Last and Best Edition

O F

New Songs :

Such as are of the

Most General E S T E E M

E I T H E R I N

T O W N or C O U R T.

*Collected with the greatest care, and
printed after the most*

C O R R E C T C O P I E S.

With Allowance, Nov. 20. 1676.

ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

L O N D O N,

Printed in the Year 1677.

Constancy after Death.

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While on those lovely looks I gaze,
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Kind nature who gave
You the features you have,
Does improv'r you to conquer not torture your slave,
He deservedly dyes,
Who subjection denies,
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You dart from your Eyes.
But so proudly you reign,
That whene're we complain,
How we languish, In anguish,
You laugh at our pain.
This folly give o're,
And be cruel no more,
To the wretched that wait for relief at your door,
For without your remorse,
At the last you'l enforce,
The despis'd and oppress'd to turn Rebels of course.
By experience we find,
The obliging and kind,
Their Abettors in fetters,
Eternally bind.
While the proud and the coy,
Who refuse to enjoy,
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The heads of your admirers are,
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For, did you love your pleasure less,
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Ungate

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What Slave is so stupid,

To suffer the plague

Of an amorous league,

to be laugh'd at in vain?

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I'll court a coy Mistress no more;

he's a sot, and more blind,

who to one is confin'd,

when there's hope for a score.

When I meet with a Beauty

that's loving and kind,

I'll pay her my duty,

but when I've enjoy'd her,

O then I'll recruit me,

with love and brisk wine;

No more I'll adore her,

when once I have got my desire,

then let her refuse me,

she cannot abuse me,

for then I despise her.

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 Though I sigh and complain,
 Tet the secret I'll never reveal,
 The wrack shall not tear it,
 From my breast, but I'll bear it
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Song.

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While your skin is soft and tender,
Wisely think of a surrender,
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Faintly will the Fort beleaguer.

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Else in time you may repent it;
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Which for want of an Employment,
Will be lost without enjoyment;
Traders thus when over-wary,
While for greater gains they tarry,
With the loss of all, miscarry.

On Jones the Bold

Long

Long Vacation.

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Now the Bullies and Punks

to retirement are flown:

The nights are all peace,

and the Mornings serene,

Our Windows are safe,

and our bodies are clean.

The Nights are all peace, &c.

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the Bulker and Ranger

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nor inveigle the stranger:

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to supply their own wants.

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We'll be drunk as the Lords;
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To a Desert I'll go,
Where some River, I of
for ever, will

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More relenting than her,
In the morning,
adorned,

Each leaf with a tear,
When I make my sad moan,
To the Rocks all alone,
From each hollow,
will follow,
A pitiful groan.

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Tet with silent disdain,
She requites all my pain,
To my mourning,
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No answer again.

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When I cease to pursue,
you'll discover,
no lover,

Was ever so true.
Your sad Shepherd flies,
From those, dear, cruel eyes,
Which not seeing
his being,
Decays and he dies.

Tet 'tis better to run
To the fate we can't shun,
then for ever
t'endeavour

What cannot be won.
What, ye gods! have I done?
That Amintor alone,
is thus treated,
and hated,
For loving but one.

The

The Penitent.

Forgive me *Love,*

Or if there be a kinder God above,

Forgive a Rebel to the power of love :

Here me kind Cupid and accept my Vow,

Mine who devoutly at thine Altar bow,

O hear me now.

Dorinda hear, and what I've done amiss,

Pardon and seal that Pardon with a Kiss.

Stay methinks the melting saint,

Kindly echoes my complaint,

Look, I fancy, I descry,

Pitty dropping from her eye,

Hark ! she says, Philander live,

All thy errors I forg' ve.

And now, oh me ! to repent I begin,

That against so much goodness I ever shoul'd sin,

But never again, oh never will I

Offend my Dorinda, far sooner I'll dye.

Merry

Merry after Death.

When I shall leave this clod of clay,
When I shall see that happy day,
That a cold bed, a minding sheet,
shall end my care,
my grief, and pain,
And lay me silent by my Conquerors feet.
When a dear friend shall say he's gone,
Alas! he has left us all alone,
I saw him gasping, and he said,
Him, striding, in the air,
amidst his pain,
His eye-strings breaking, and his falling jaw,
Then shall no tear bedew my cheek,
No sad uncomfortable verse,
My unlamented death shall be,
How can he be less merry in the grave,
How can he be less merry in the grave?

Then friends for a while be merry without me,
And fast as you dye come flocking about me;
In gardens and groves our day-revels we'll keep,
And at night my Theorbo shall rock you asleep;
So happy we'll prove, that Mortals above,
Shall envy our Musique, shall envy our Love.

A

A Rant:

M ake a Noise and	See they come in a
Pull it out, wiggle	Slave and Pillage
and drink about	Whoever strikes
Brave boys, and	Strike home
T'other up	Come boys
Fill the glass,	Fairly meet
You sober	'Em in the street,
turn	Saw, Sam
Why so sad?	Bravely done
we'll have more,	Cut and slash
upon the scabbard	The weapons class,
My Lad,	They run
Let the Babbles	How they mellow
prate and babble	Let us follow
Fontre Diabla	Hoop and hollow
We will all be made	for the day is won
Sing a Catch,	All's gone
Serenade,	Every crack
In Masquerade	Must on her back
The Watch	Lye down
Prittle Prattle,	Let us muster
Tittle Tattle,	In a cluster,
Give 'em battail,	Huff and bluster,
They shall find their match,	For we rule the Town.
	Play

Play along.

Sing and chant,

A merry Ram

Among.

Lay about,

Look the Whores,

Shut all the doors,

And flog,

All prepare

See the Stage,

Draw up the Shuts,

Beware,

Pots and Glasses,

Break the windows,

Nothing hinder,

Let 'em have a care.

To the class

In they go,

at every throw,

Dash, dash,

Hark they tumble,

How they jumble,

Rumble, rumble,

Now the Whores are

quash.

Boys dispatch,

'tis enough,

that we can buff.

To the Watch

Back again,

To the Sun,

Come let us run

Amain.

There we'll stay,

rear and drink,

and never think

Of day.

Time with lasses,

Pots and Glasses,

Sweetly pass,

how it slides away.

Let the fool

He that thinks,

and sleeps and drinks,

By rule,

by a measure,

at his leisure,

take his pleasure,

And grow wisely dull.

FINIS.